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the apparatus, therefore, recommended, is for the most part simple and cheap.

The book is a very suggestive one ; and teachers of physics in high schools and colleges cannot fail to profit by it.

3. — *Autobiography*. By JOHN STUART MILL. New York : Henry Holt and Company. 1873.

THE impression that is left on the reader's mind by this remarkable book is by no means a simple one. What one wishes to find is an explanation of the growth of Mr. Mill's opinions and an account of that inner life which interests us sometimes in fools as much as in philosophers. But this second part is almost wholly swallowed up by the first. From the cradle Mr. Mill was instructed ; his whole life was one of intellectual training ; so that while his brain was made an admirable instrument, while he wins our warmest admiration as a worker, we cannot help feeling a certain distrust of the accuracy of his opinions when we see the one-sidedness of his education, and our affection for him personally is made greater by the view we get of his sincerity, unflagging toil, and the lack of sympathy with anything but his intellectual nature which marked so much of his life.

How thorough was his training can be judged by the fact that he had no remembrance of the time when he began to learn Greek ; that before he was seven years old he read Robertson, Hume, and Gibbon, making notes upon them all while reading ; that he had almost no playthings and very few children's books ; and that at the age of twelve, after having read more Latin and Greek than most college graduates, and writing a history of the Roman government, he compiled from Livy and Dionysius, which would have made an octavo volume, read several Latin treatises on the scholastic logic, and Hobbes's *Computatio sive Logica* ; that in 1819, when he was but thirteen, his father took him through a complete course of political economy. At eighteen this overworked boy, who had been without companions of his own age while making these vast preparations, began to write for the "Westminster Review," having a year or so before been a contributor of various historical articles to the daily papers. So much work, it seems, could be forced out of his brains ; but this artificial system of education was succeeded by a period of melancholy reaction. He says :—

"I was in a dull state of nerves, such as everybody is occasionally liable to ; unsusceptible to enjoyment or pleasurable excitement ; one of those

moods when what is pleasure at other times becomes insipid or indifferent ; the state, I should think, in which converts to Methodism usually are when smitten by their first 'conviction of sin.' In this frame of mind it occurred to me to put the question directly to myself : 'Suppose that all your objects in life were realized ; that all the changes in institutions and opinions which you are looking forward to could be completely effected at this very instant : would this be a great joy and happiness to you ?' And an impressible self-consciousness distinctly answered, 'No !' At this my heart sank within me ; the whole foundation on which my life was constructed fell down. All my happiness was to have been found in the continual pursuit of this end. The end had ceased to charm, and how could there ever be again any interest in the means ? I seemed to have nothing left to live for."

In the following passage he describes his delivery from this dejection : —

"I was reading, accidentally, Marmontel's *Mémoires*, and came to the passage which relates his father's death, the distressed position of the family, and the sudden inspiration by which he, then a mere boy, felt and made them feel that he would be everything to them, — would supply the place of all that they had lost. A vivid conception of the scene and its feelings came over me, and I was moved to tears. From this moment my burden grew lighter. The oppression of the thought that all feeling was dead within me was gone."

By this experience, he tells us, he learned that happiness is not to be sought as a direct end, but by making it depend upon fixing the mind "on some object other than their own happiness ; on the happiness of others, on the improvement of mankind, even on some pursuit, followed not as a means, but as itself an ideal end."

Another thing he learned was the use of more varied cultivation, such as the study of poetry and art. But of music he says : —

"It is very characteristic both of my then state, and of the general tone of my mind at this period of my life, that I was seriously tormented by the thought of the exhaustibility of musical combinations. The octave consists only of five tones and two semitones, which can be put together in only a limited number of ways, of which but a small proportion are beautiful : most of these, it seemed to me, must have been already discovered, and there could not be room for a long succession of Mozarts and Webers, to strike out, as these had done, entirely new and surpassingly rich veins of beauty."

These meagre results, although in addition he learned to read and admire Wordsworth, — he had already as a boy read Shakespeare, at his father's advice, "chiefly for the sake of the historical plays," — this feeble groping towards a love of the arts, which in most persons would have been called almost an aversion to them, were about all

that he had to give him an insight into that important side of human nature, the emotions. Of religion he knew absolutely nothing; as he himself says, he was a singular example, not of a man who had thrown off religious belief, but of one who had never had any. There was another disadvantage connected with this, namely, that he was obliged to keep the fact of his non-belief a secret. That an education of this sort is calculated to adapt one to excel in almost any sort of purely intellectual work to which the well-trained brain is directed is obvious enough. For a logician or political economist there could hardly be a better preparation. And it was in these matters that Mill won what will probably be found to be the most lasting part of his reputation. But it will be by no means easy for any one to pin his faith on the more general philosophy of a man who lived in such exceptional ignorance of the great stumbling-block in the way of reforming philosophers, — the ordinary feelings and prejudices of mankind. Faulty logic is the cause of men's erring once, where their wilfulness makes them guilty a hundred times. A comprehension of human nature is needed by the philosopher before he can obtain lasting credence. If he lacks that comprehension, he runs the risk of being judged as a musician would be who wrote about political economy. The presumption is against him. In Mill's case his incomplete knowledge made him vague; what there was of it elevated him, but the reader cannot help being conscious of the meagreness of the material with which he worked.

Time brought a certain revenge for this neglect of everything save the intellect, in his attachment to Mrs. Taylor, which began at the time her husband was still living. Mill was the recipient of a great deal of obloquy for this matter, inasmuch as the lady left her husband, who seems to have been a most worthy man, in order to be near Mr. Mill, who was far from discountenancing this action on her part. His conduct was severely blamed by many of his warmest friends, and naturally enough when we consider the importance of morality and outward respect to morality in the state, and the conspicuous position held by Mr. Mill. After her husband's death she married Mr. Mill, but she died less than eight years from that time. In his affection for her we see that nature had its rights, and that she received a religious adoration which he had been unable and unwilling to express in any other way for any of the usual objects of love and homage.

Of his first parliamentary career he writes at some length. The general feeling after finishing the book is one of pity for the joyless life Mr. Mill lead, and of admiration for his honesty and simple-mind-

edness ; but while our affection is demanded for the man, it is hard to silence distrust for him as a philosopher, and this, we fancy, is far from being what Mr. Mill would have desired.

4. — *Historic Fields and Mansions of Middlesex*. By SAMUEL ADAMS DRAKE. Illustrated. Boston : James R. Osgood & Co. 1874.

WHILE it is true that we Americans show a reckless disregard of our scanty antiquities when it is a question between preserving them out of sentimental reasons and selling them at a large profit, it is not to be forgotten that there are many who are adverse to such conduct, as well as many who devote their spare time to preserving and chronicling what can be gathered about the past. Among the workers in the antiquities of this neighborhood is Mr. Drake, whose thick volume on some of the fields and houses of the county of Middlesex supplements his "Old Landmarks and Historic Personages of Boston," which appeared about a year ago.

The author tells us, in his Preface, that his book "is neither a county history nor a relation of consecutive events, but a series of historic colloquial rambles among the memorable places of old Middlesex." This is just what it is, a pleasant, gossiping book, full of historical information, much of it not to be found under every one's hand, and interspersed with anecdotes of various degrees of credibility. The author, like almost every antiquarian who does more than collect the dry facts of history and arrange them like stones on a shelf, treats us to occasional bits of philosophizing and reminders of man's mortality and the mutability of all things, which are of greater antiquity than any old building mentioned in the book. Then, too, his zeal runs away with him when he, for instance, compares the cemetery of Mount Auburn to "a miniature Switzerland, though no loftier summits than the Milton Hills are visible from its greatest elevation. It has its ranges of rugged hills, its cool valleys, its lakes, and its natural terraces. The Charles might be the Rhine, and Fresh Pond — could no fitter name be found for so lovely a sheet of water? — would serve our purpose for Lake Constance. A thick growth of superb forest trees of singular variety covered its broken, romantic surface ; deep ravines, shady dells, and bold, rocky eminences were its natural attributes. You advance from surprise to surprise."

We cannot imagine the most patriotic citizens of Cambridge — and such local pride as is to be found among the inhabitants of that city